THE PROTEAN GERHART HAUPTMAN . . . . By Alfred Werner

THE Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

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"ALFRED NOBEL: DYNAMITE KING"
by Herta E. Pauli
Reviewed by Robert Pick

"ANGEL MO' AND HER SON, ROLAND HAYES"
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"THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY BACKGROUND"
by Basil Willey
Reviewed by Garrett Mattingly

HERTA E. PAULI writes a biography of a man who loved peace and made dynamite. (See Page 8)

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Protean Gerhart Hauptmann

The Strange Case of the Poet Who Discovered a Modus Vivendi with Nazi Germany

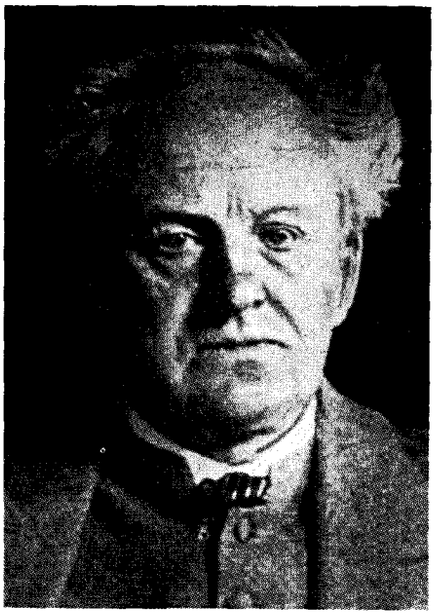
ALFRED WERNER

SINCE Pearl Harbor the spiritual blackout of Germany has become complete and no news leaks out about the doings of her "Poets and Thinkers," not even if they are as important as Gerhart Hauptmann. We shall not be able to learn how the Third Reich celebrated his eightieth birthday on November 15, but we can be sure the Nazis were not so unappreciative of Hauptmann's conversion that they allowed the event to pass unnoticed.

For here, after all, is the once-beloved advocate of humanity and justice, the erstwhile champion of democracy, the creator of stirring plays in realistic prose and musical verse—here is Gerhart Hauptmann, the Nestor of German dramatists, brought to heel. Here is a ghostly renegade, a humble disciple of Dr. Goebbels. He will be feasted, no doubt, in Berlin by the "dignitaries" of the Reich; one of his plays will be staged in a theater that has seen so many of the real triumphs of his life. Perhaps the poet whose fecundity has increased with the years as his true genius diminished may have written a new play for the occasion. The Horst Wessel Lied will be sung, Hauptmann will raise his hand for the Hitler salute, and he may even broadcast a message to the nation, as he did on his seventy-fifth birthday, praising the accomplishments of the Nazi regime.

The case of Hauptmann, the ex-liberal and present Nazi-bigwig, is interesting beyond the narrow political angle. When the Nazi regime was established in Germany in 1933, his friends did not expect the septuagenarian Hauptmann, accustomed to the life of a grand seigneur, to follow the example of the other Nobel prize winner, Thomas Mann, who preferred exile to muzzling. But nobody anticipated that the old man would soil, nay wipe out, his glorious past by hastening to support Hitler's policy when a "plebiscite" was ordered, on the eve of Germany's withdrawal from the League of Nations. Hauptmann's open letter, appearing in what had been Berlin's leading democratic paper, was headed: "I say yes." Nobody thought that the man who had defied the Kaiser in his early youth would declare now that it was "the greatest moment of my life," when, at the Berlin Philharmonic, he was introduced to Hitler and the Fuehrer shook hands with him.

Hauptmann's sudden metamorphosis surprised his liberal friends in



Gerhart Hauptmann

Germany and abroad, especially since his published work up to 1933 (comprising some fifty plays, novels, and volumes of essays) could hardly please the ideologists of "Blood and Soil." To be sure, his "good conduct" did not gain the approval of the more radical elements in the Nazi party. To them, he was still a representative of the ancient regime, a poet not of power, but of pity, tainted with "enlightened ideas and cloudy humanitarian ideals."

But Hauptmann tried hard to satisfy the demands of National Socialist art. Books he has published since 1933 unmistakably indicate Hauptmann's eagerness to serve his new allegiance. "Die Goldene Harfe" (The Golden Harp, 1933), a play set in the time of the German war of liberation against Napoleon, shows a sudden decline of the poet's dramatic power and a lamentable deterioration of his literary taste. It does not stand comparison with "Vor Sonnenuntergang" (Before Sunset), published in 1932, the last year of the Weimar Republic. "Vor Sonnenuntergang," defending an old man's right to love, is certainly one of Hauptmann's lesser works—but compared with "Die Goldene Harfe" it is a masterpiece. This commonplace drama, fit only for publication in a pulp magazine, is liberally interspersed with wildly nationalistic utterances *à la* Walther Bloem. "Hamlet in Wittenberg" (1935)—another of his numerous works published during the Third Reich—though it has no Nazi political aspirations, is on the same literary level; the brilliance of its dialogue can be judged by a discussion between Magister Melanchthon and the Prince: to the former's charge that no puddle is too filthy for him to wallow in, Hamlet replies that all precious things come from the filthy earth and that the ecclesiastic gentry, if they were consistent, would call woman's womb dirt and slime. One of his latest "achievements" is an "Iphigenie," produced for the first time at the Berlin Staatstheater on November 15, 1941—on his seventy-ninth birthday. "The play is bloody and bewildered," writes the editor of *Books Abroad*, "not brave and buoyant like Goethe's."

THE Nazis certainly knew why, on his seventy-fifth birthday (1937), they officially forgave Hauptmann all his past sins, and included his shadow in their literary pantheon; they realized that his world-wide reputation was an asset that should not be wasted, especially since the only other really great living German writer, Thomas Mann, had refused to come to terms.

There are still many people living who remember not only the dignified Poet Laureate of the Weimar Republic, but even the revolutionary opponent of the Germany of Kaiser Wilhelm II and his Junkers. No official homage

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was paid Hauptmann on his fortieth birthday, although by 1902 most of the works had been published upon which his claim to immortality is based, the stories, "Bahnwaerter Thiel" (Flagman Thiel) and "Apostel" (The Apostle), and the dramas "Vor Sonnenaufgang," "Das Friedensfest" (The Coming of Peace), "Einsame Menschen" (Lonely Lives), "Die Weber" (The Weavers), "Kollege Crampton" (Colleague Crampton), "Der Biberpelz" (The Beavercoat), "Hannele's Himmelfahrt" (The Assumption of Nannele), "Florian Geyer," "Die Versunkene Glocke" (The Sunken Bell), "Fuhrmann Henschel" (Drayman Henschel), and "Der Arme Heinrich" (Heinrich of Aue). This was undoubtedly an imposing list, and Gerhart Hauptmann was not able to add more than a handful of works of equal importance in the forty years to follow, namely "Rose Bernd," "Und Pippa Tanzt" (And Pippa Dances), "Gabriel Schilling's Flucht" (Gabriel Schilling's Flight), and the novel "Der Ketzer von Soana" (The Heretic of Soana). By that year (1902) Hauptmann had reached the zenith of his power, and, if death had claimed him on his fortieth birthday, he would still hold an honorable place among German and European authors.

The decay of German literature, as represented by the gift-book lyrics, historical novels and dramas, written by professors, and "social" dramas, imitating the French school, came to an end on that memorable 20th of October, 1889, when "Vor Sonnenaufgang" was staged by the Freie Buehne in Berlin. It caused a storm of indignation: a father who is a drunken beast—a girl to be married to the idiot son of a neighbor who lives in adultery with her mother—a Socialist agitator who, betrothed to the girl, forsakes her when he sees the poisonous atmosphere of her surroundings—the cries of a woman in labor behind the scene and a suicide on the stage—this was more than the reactionary circles that dominated German *Kultur* could stomach. At the beginning of the century, Hauptmann was probably the most discussed writer of Germany and the number of his opponents exceeded that of his friends.

Who were the friends who encouraged him to continue his work when the majority of the public was against him? Many of their names must not be mentioned in Nazi Germany. Some of his friends and protectors have died, like Dr. Otto Brahm, director of the Deutsches Theater, later of the Lessing Theater in Berlin, who produced most of his early plays; his courageous publisher, Samuel Fischer, and Fischer's literary adviser, Moritz Heimann, poet and essayist, Hauptmann's brother-in-law. Others are exiles in England or the United States, such as the renowned Berlin theatrical critic, Alfred Kerr, who, when he learned of his friend's apostasy, wrote an open letter to him, scornfully and woefully bidding him farewell, or like Max Reinhardt and Leopold Jessner, who so superbly presented his later plays. One might add that, thirty years later, when dozens of his friends were severely affected by the racial policy of the Third Reich, Hauptmann did not make the slightest move to defend them.

Official recognition had come to him in 1912, when the University of Leipzig granted him an honorary doctor's degree, and almost every theater in Central Europe celebrated his fiftieth birthday with Hauptmann festivals. In this country, the University of Wisconsin staged "Der arme Heinrich," and Columbia University held a Gerhart Hauptmann exhibition. At the end of the year, Hauptmann received the Nobel prize at Stockholm and, in a speech, glorified the ideal of peace which includes the ideals of science and art.

To be made Poet Laureate was, however, the worst thing that could have happened to Hauptmann: at fifty, he adopted the statuesque dignity of the septuagenarian Goethe—one might say that nothing was as harmful to the poet of "The Weavers" as his striking resemblance to the classical poet of Germany.

BY the time he celebrated his sixtieth birthday in 1922 he had become more a symbol than a reality to the millions of Germans who, at the breakfast table, read the addresses in his honor by the president of the Reichstag and numerous professors, writers, artists, and diplomats. The German man in the street was proud of Hauptmann, without having read his books, just as he worshipped Bismarck, and he regretted it deeply when the plan failed that was to make him president of the Reich. People had become accustomed to seeing his imposing Dichterkopf at the opening of every exhibition or institution and to reading his comment on almost every question in some paper or magazine.

Small wonder then that, even in 1932, when Germany was torn in a life and death struggle between the forces of democracy and those of fascism, the battle ceased for a day. In us, the younger literary generation, the mention of Hauptmann's name evoked little more than a pitying smile. The works he had published at the end of his sixth decade were either ridiculous, like the two plays

This Week

Reviews

PAGE

ANGEL MO' AND HER SON, ROLAND HAYES
By McKinley Helm
Reviewed by Oswald Garrison Villard 5

DUST TRACKS ON A ROAD
By Zora Neale Hurston
Reviewed by Phil Stong 6

THE WEALD OF YOUTH
By Siegfried Sassoon
Reviewed by R. Ellis Roberts 7

ALFRED NOBEL: DYNAMITE KING
By Herta E. Pauli
Reviewed by Robert Pick 8

THE UNGUARDED FRONTIER
By Edgar W. McInnes
and
A HISTORY OF THE CANADIAN PEOPLE
By Morden H. Long
Reviewed by Howard P. Whidden, Jr. ... 9

THE SELF-BETRAYED
By Curt Riess
Reviewed by Henry C. Wolfe 10

REBELS AND GENTLEMEN
By Carl and Jessica Bridenbaugh
and
THE PLENTY OF PENNSYLVANIA
By Cornelius Weygandt
Reviewed by Struthers Burt 11

THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY BACKGROUND
By Basil Willey
Reviewed by Garrett Mattingly 16

RADIO AND THE WRITER
By Sherman Dryer
Reviewed by Albert N. Williams 18

BEHIND BOTH LINES
By Harold Denny
Reviewed by Squadron Leader Murray Harris 19

NO HIDING PLACE
By William Seabrook
Reviewed by Mabel S. Ulrich 20

CAPITALISM, SOCIALISM AND DEMOCRACY
By Joseph A. Schumpeter
Reviewed by Frank Kingdon 21

Departments

EDITORIAL 12
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 13
TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf 14
YOUR LITERARY I.Q. 16
THE CRIMINAL RECORD 20
THE PHOENIX NEST
By William Rose Benét 22
DOUBLE-CROSTICS: NO. 453 23
DOUBLE-CROSTICS CLUB 23

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Anthony J. Passaretti, Treasurer. Subscription, $4 a year; $5 in Canada and other countries. At least 3 weeks' notice required for changes of address; both old and new addresses must be given. Printed in U. S. A. Vol. XXV, No. 48, November 28, 1942. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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"Die Schwarze Maske" and "Hexenritt" or boring, like his autobiographic "Buch der Leidenschaft." The literati of 1932, however, made the mistake of underestimating Hauptmann as much in his old age, as the generation of 1902 (or rather its literary spokesmen) had overestimated him when it hailed him as the "German Ibsen" or as the "German Shakespeare."

The German government made a big affair of the celebration of Hauptmann's sixtieth birthday. But a funny incident dispelled the solemnity of the day. Two administrative governments simultaneously claimed the right of exclusively honoring the poet. The Prussian government, upon the proposal of the Prussian minister of science and education, conferred the Golden State Medal upon Hauptmann. Unfortunately, this government existed merely on paper, as Franz von Papen, the reactionary Reich's Chancellor, had forcibly removed the leftist government, making himself the "Commissarial administrator" of Prussia. He declared that the document of award given to Hauptmann by Herr Braun was void since it did not bear that state seal, and presented the poet with another "genuine" award, claiming hypocritically that it had long been decided to honor Hauptmann. A man of character would have refused at least one of these honors, but Hauptmann solved the problem by "good-naturedly" pocketing both honors.

Our Gerhart Hauptmann is dead—just like another Nobel prize winner, the octogenarian Knut Hamsun. But "The Weavers" and "Hannele," "The Sunken Bell" and "Pippa" will live when all the personal blunders and treacheries of their creator have long been forgotten. "Beauty abides, but opinion perishes," Ludwig Lewisohn, the translator, once wrote, introducing Hauptmann's works. They will live—if only as beautiful documents of frustration rather than of victory. Hauptmann is no thinker, no Goethe. He lacks Goethe's clear logical mind, his grasp of essentials, his ability to see and to make laws. When he was young and not yet blinded by fame, Hauptmann pronounced a verdict on his own work:

I sorrow not that he who cast my mould
In such ill shape should throw me now aside;
And when, together with my own bad work,
He sent me hurtling into the abyss,
'Twas welcome to me. Yes, my work was bad;
Magda, the bell that fell into the depths,
Was never suited to the heights—not made
To wake the echoes of the lofty peaks.

The Story of Roland Hayes

ANGEL MO' AND HER SON, ROLAND HAYES. By McKinley Helm. An Atlantic Monthly Press book. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1942. 289 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

ALTHOUGH we are told that his close friend, Dr. Helm, wrote this biography of Roland Hayes, the fact that the author has put the narrative into the first person gives it the aspect and tone of an autobiography. Indeed, one hears Mr. Hayes's voice so clearly in this narrative that one cannot refrain from wondering if the distinguished subject did not dictate a good deal of it. Whatever the case, we have been given a moving and distinguished volume, thoroughly worthy of the great artist herein portrayed, for it is sympathetic, understanding, with as fine, delicate feeling as Roland Hayes has shown in all his work.

What makes it particularly appealing is not that it records once more the struggle for success of an artist born in the humblest surroundings, but that this particular artist has had to make his way against a double handicap. Because of the color of his skin Roland Hayes found obstacles in his way that no white man would encounter. The latter runs afoul of indifference, unwillingness to help, and jealousy, and faces the struggle to learn and to keep body and soul together until recognition comes. A Roland Hayes or Marian Anderson has to face in addition injustice, discrimination, and the bitter cruelty of those who would bar the way solely because of prejudice. No one can be beyond hurt if he is as sensitive, as high-minded, as delicate in all his feelings as your true artist invariably is.

How Roland Hayes faced his trials and overcame the obstacles and became one of our greatest artists, is set forth in this book. He broke new ground by proving that a Negro could not only interpret the Negro's own music as no one else could, but that he could interpret the classics and modern music, French songs to the French, German to the Germans, and the songs of other nations to their own people, as well as the greatest of white musicians. Always, however, he found the color of his face stressed, even when he wiped out the color line within his art itself. He broke down many bulwarks of prejudice. He sang with most of the illustrious orchestras of Europe. He made many wonderful friends among rich and poor, and met many of the powerful and the mighty, royalty included. Yet always that hateful color prejudice pursued him. He was even put out of hotels in Europe at the demand of American tourists.

Perhaps his greatest triumph came in 1924 when he made his debut in Berlin. The vicious Nazi spirit of race hate was already at work. There was published a demand that the "threatened calamity" be prevented—the calamity being "the concert of an American Negro who had come to Berlin to defile the names of German poets and composers; a Negro, the writer said, 'who, at best, could only remind us of the cotton fields of Georgia'." What happened Roland Hayes, or McKinley Helm, tells thus:

When I entered the concert chamber at the Beethovensaal, I found

Biographer and subject meet. McKinley Helm (left) and Roland Hayes (right) shown with Richard Fuller, of the Old Corner Book Shop, in Boston.

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myself standing in a flood of light; in front of me, a blackout audience sat unquietly. From the rear there rolled out a great volley of hisses, which seemed to me to fill the hall entirely. I was terribly apprehensive, but I took my place in the curve of the piano, closed my eyes, lifted my head into singing position, and stood still as a statue. I waited moment after moment, perhaps for five or ten minutes altogether, listening to the ebb and flow of antagonistic sound. . . . When silence came, as it absolutely did at length, the hall was more still than any I had ever sung in. It was so quiet that the hush began to hurt. I conveyed my readiness to my accompanist with the slightest movement of my lips, without turning my head or my body and began to sing Schubert's "Du Bist Die Ruh," which otherwise would have occurred later in the program. The entry to that song is almost as silent as silence itself. The German text, stealing out of my mouth in sustained pianissimo, seemed to win my hostile audience over.

In other words, it was a tremendous success. Twice after that this indomitable man returned to Berlin to similar successes. But at Leipzig he could not win over the cold and hostile, if quiet, audience that applauded scarcely at all. Instead of finding, like other musicians, the peasant audiences of Soviet Russia an inspiration, he found them at Kiev as if they had come to inspect an African savage. He had, he said, to tame them, and it took precisely two exhausting hours to do it. But when he had made friends of them he was scarcely permitted to leave and the crowd even demanded an impromptu concert in the courtyard of his hotel the next morning. But Mr. Hayes "was so overcome by the misery and desolation of the country" that his only desire was to finish his schedule and get out.

Naturally he made a considerable fortune which he had intended to use for the training of young Negro artists. He felt that the Negroes "have been pauperized by being too long on the receiving end of financial and cultural transactions. I propose to use Negro money, for a change, to build Negro reputations." But the crash of 1929 hit him hard. None the less he kept his Georgia plantation where he still lives with his wife and his little girl who gives promise of being a musical genius. But everywhere he goes the Negro problem presses upon him.

Well, the color line is crumblin'. Roland Hayes's career in itself is a proof of this. The Negroes have made greater gains in the last ten months of war than in the previous twenty years of our history, and if he will not lose hope he will see that the colored races of the world will emerge from this struggle upon an entirely different basis from that which they have heretofore occupied. The white man is out in Asia, and the repercussions even in this country will be immeasurable. But if this were not the case, if the progress were to continue to be as slow as it has been, Mr. Hayes's contribution through this book is very great indeed.

What is the secret of his success? Primarily it is due to his beautiful washer-woman mother, the "Angel Mo'" after whom he has named his Georgia farm. The story of the devoutness and the devotion of that great mother to her son, and her son to her, would alone make this a notable volume. Then there has been his devotion to art for art's sake and his absolute refusal to compromise. He aimed at the very highest when he could have made much more money and reaped a wider acclaim had he gone into musical comedy and devoted himself to radio singing.

From the beginning, Roland Hayes writes, "I wanted to belong to that small group of Negroes who were showing our race the way toward the only real freedom, the freedom to produce and to create." That in a nutshell is his program for his race in America. He feels, unlike many Negro intellectuals, that the teachings of Booker T. Washington were the best for his people, but that they must insist at all times upon that right to be themselves, to be free to create. He is proudest perhaps of one letter of the many thousands that he has received which came to him from Mr. Maynard Walker of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. Part of it runs as follows:

> I have been wondering if your native race is not after all closer to the heart of the universe and its secrets—if it is not really a step nearer to the Unknown than our white race. There are so many things that point that way, and one thing is your voice, and your attitude toward it—your whole attitude toward life, for that matter, and the strange, great, uncanny foreknowledge that seems to guide you in the same way that fish swim in the sea.

Surely this is a perfect tribute to Roland Hayes.

Zora Hurston Sums Up

DUST TRACKS ON A ROAD. By Zora Neale Hurston. New York: J. B. Lippincott. 1942. 294 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

ZORA NEALE HURSTON'S father was the preacher and chief factotum of Eatonville, Fla., one of the few villages of, for, and by Negroes in the United States. The old man was a powerful preacher, and also a powerful man and husband; as a slave, says Zora, with the charming practicality which marks the manner of the whole book, he would have fetched a high price for stud stock. He could flatten people to the floor either with his big fists or his hellfire eloquence.

Zora had a good deal of her father's violence and more of her tiny mother's sensitivity, intelligence, and determination. These got her through school, after a bitter struggle, then through Howard University and Barnard, and finally made her what she is, an outstanding anthropologist in the field of Negro folklore and other Negro cultures. She has surveyed everything from Afro-American songs to voodoo and left a mark on modern American music and reasonable accounts of the over-romanticized magics of the Haitians.

—From "Suwannee River," illus. by Alexander Key.

This book is more a summary than the autobiography it advertises itself as being. It is a delightful one and a wise one, full of humor, color, and good sense. It is told in exactly the right manner, simply and with candor, with a seasoning—not overdone—of the marvelous locutions of the imaginative field nigger. Miss Hurston explains that there are white niggers and black niggers; being a nigger is a matter of character rather than color among the Negroes.

After Zora's mother died her father married a fat shrew who wanted to make the social jump of being the preacher's wife. The stepmother was jealous of the children and drove them from home, one by one, including Zora who was still in her earliest teens. The girl held "maiding" jobs, but very briefly because of her fondness for books and children. These tastes conflicted with her allotted labors virtually to the exclusion of the latter, and Zora moved on and on. Finally, she caught on as maid to the leading

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—Drawing by Schreiber

Zora Neale Hurston

lady in a touring comic opera company, learned manicuring, and manicured her way through Howard.

She had learned that if one wanted to go to school the thing to do was to go to school, so she went on to Barnard, became Fanny Hurst's secretary and a favorite of Franz Boas's, and thereafter made her way in research on fellowships and the five books which precede this one. She might have taken either of two attitudes from these experiences; either an arrogant, self-made Negro attitude, or the conventional bitter and downtrodden one. She takes neither because she does not see that she was under any special disadvantage, and in the end she has no reason for bitterness. This text indicates that anyone who tries to down-tread Zora Neale Hurston had better wear thick-soled boots.

The race-consciousness that spoils so much Negro literature is completely absent here. Miss Hurston is less impressed by her own color than most Aryan redheads. She gives one chapter to "My People"—perhaps the most sensible passage on the subject that has ever been written. She agrees with Booker T. Washington that if the stuff is in you it is likely to come out and that if it isn't it doesn't make any difference whether you are white, black, green, or cerise. Some people, she says, have made a whole career out of moaning, "My people! My people!" She thinks they would have been better engaged in some useful labor. The only thing she claims for the Negro is perhaps a little more capacity for fancy and enthusiasm than the average white man possesses.

The most amusing chapter is Miss Hurston's delightfully frank treatise on love. It makes sense, but few people have had the reckless heroism to come out with it. She has had one "great" love and still has it; she doesn't know yet how it is going to come out, since the chosen gentleman is jealous of her work, as well as of all other gentlemen discovered in even remote proximity to Zora. Miss Hurston, with a prescience of trouble, has tried to break herself of the man several times without success. Occasionally she feels like being in love with someone else, incidentally—and is, briefly. When these unfortunate swains remind her of tender passages she is all too often feeling like "a charter member of the Union League Club" (this may be a slander) and the recalled endearments are "the third day of Thanksgiving turkey hash."

The conclusion is:

> Love is a funny thing; love is a blossom—
> If you want your finger bit poke it at a possum.

It may be judged that the book is rich in humor and that is true; it is real humor—the humor of character, from the old deacon who prays, "Oh, Lawd, I got something to ask You, but I know You can't do it," to Zora's own feud, nourished through the years and beyond all scholarship and honors, with her gross stepmother. The old lady, at last reports, was in the hospital with some malignant growth on her neck—Miss Hurston says, quite frankly and honestly, that she wishes the woman had two necks.

She has, too, a philosophic feeling for the statement of her friend, Ethel Waters, "Don't care how good the music is, Zora, you can't dance on every set."

It is a fine, rich autobiography, and heartening to anyone, white, black, or tan.

Two Siegfried Sassoons

THE WEALD OF YOUTH. By Siegfried Sassoon. New York: The Viking Press. 1942. 259 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

NOT the least skillful and subtle thing in this new book of Mr. Sassoon's subtle and humorous self-portraiture is the way in which he distinguishes the young Siegfried, moving towards poetry and war, from the Sherston of his early essays in a more arranged autobiography.

It is amusing to see how well the Siegfried Sassoon of today can remember and understand the young Siegfried, top-hatted, tail-coated, spatted, of thirty years ago: he recalls gravely how, on reflection, he decided that, of living poets, "the only one of any distinction who wouldn't have been totally out of his element at Tattersall's" was Ralph Hodgson. It is odd he should forget Masefield, of whose "The Everlasting Mercy" the young Sassoon wrote a parody-pastiche, "The Daffodill Murder," by Saul Kaine: his authorship is here for the first time, I think, publicly admitted.

Much of "The Weald of Youth" is concerned with the making of a poet; Siegfried Sassoon was writing at the time when "Eddie" (Sir Edward) Marsh was shaking down poets from every apple-tree. There were rebel movements, even then: but the greatest attention was given to Georgian poetry rather than to Imagists or Vorticists or the last cry of the Symbolists. And behind the patient, friendly, indefatigable Eddie was the strange figure of Sir Edmund Gosse. Gosse stands alone as a patron and critic; very few people whom he helped are not grateful—practically none of his friends can make him other than an unattractive, snobbish, bitter-tongued gentleman. He was an old friend of Sassoon's family: and he helped him. It is plain that Siegfried Sassoon is still rather puzzled by his mentor's character. The truth is Gosse did not back winners for the Parnassus stakes: he never backed anyone until it was clear that he *was* a winner. His own judgment was willful and capricious, and far too governed by considerations that had nothing to do with art. At Gosse's Mr. Sassoon met George Moore, and his record of that meeting is a bit of quiet, delicious humor.

This volume ends in August, 1914, and the author bicycling furiously to Rye to enlist to fight for the Weald which "had been the world of my youngness, and while I gazed across it now I felt prepared to do what I could to defend it. And after all dying for one's native land was supposed to be the most glorious thing one could possibly do!"

Siegfried Sassoon

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High Explosives and High Morals

ALFRED NOBEL, DYNAMITE KING —ARCHITECT OF PEACE. By Herta E. Pauli. New York: L. B. Fischer. 1942. 325 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

TO any average person of the younger generation, Alfred Nobel's name undoubetdly lives through the awards that bear his name rather than on account of the many achievements of his busy life. But things were quite different forty-six years ago. When Nobel died at his palatial San Remo house, his contemporaries were more than puzzled by what, to them, necessarily, seemed the all but inexplicable dualism of his interests: the invention of high-explosives and the establishment of world peace.

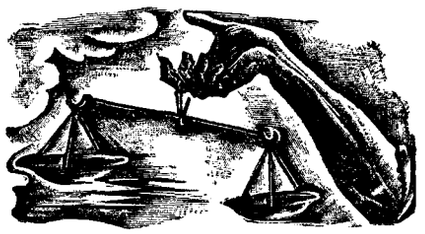
Perhaps it was exactly this that obstructed most attempts at biographical evaluation: the literature on Nobel is surprisingly poor. Thus, the present book is all the more welcome. True, its author, too, produces hardly any conclusive clue to the riddle of Nobel's character. But she gives as factual and as complete a report as possible on his life and the life of the Nobel Foundation—and the result is a most readable and interesting book which fills a definite gap.

It is a success story, if ever there was one. Son of a bankrupt father who—compared with what his sons were to achieve—had merely dabbled in chemical and war industry, he was "finished at twenty" as a businessman. Shortly after, his enterprises "grew faster than any business in history." Nobel's record as an inventor has hardly been matched by any man, and most certainly by none who, like him, lacked the benefits of formal education. The nineteenth-century development of war industry is unimaginable without his discoveries and accomplishments.

It is astonishing how well Miss Pauli succeeds, perhaps by oversimplifying a bit the scientific prerequisites, in familiarizing the reader with the intricate matters of high-explosive chemistry and physics. Slowly, we come to see Nobel "espousing the cause"—turning out in scores death-dealing inventions—"with a truly religious fervor."

Miss Pauli is less convincing when she occasionally tries to prove that he became "a merchant of death unwittingly, compelled by circumstances rather than inclination." Certainly the use of his increasingly powerful explosives for peaceful purposes, such as mining, railroad work, and quarrying, gave him a definite satisfaction—but a satisfaction, in the first place, as a businessman who "wanted a safe and constant source of income, not hinging on the exigencies of war or the fear of it." Alfred Nobel, a taciturn man, was less outspoken than Major Barbara's father. But the fact that his dynamite, in the course of events, became "*the* weapon of social conflict" left him, apparently, just as unmoved, as he accepted the fact that "the eerie oil's attraction outweighed the fear of it" in spite of a series of fatal accidents.

There is little doubt that he was, primarily, a great businessman. The story, as told by Miss Pauli, of how he amassed one of the largest fortunes of his time by erecting the patent-proof apparatus for his world-wide monopolies is as exciting and full of



tension as a mystery novel. Besides, it makes almost a politico-financial history of the period with many interesting sidelights such as the trail-blazing Baku activities of Alfred's brother, or the witty tale of that smart New York lawyer who managed to use, for the first time, the venerable institution of "trusts" "for the purpose of safeguarding an industrial enterprise."

With all that, Nobel was a lonely man. Undersized, frail, already ailing in his early days, he remained a bachelor, a man without a home in spite of his many mansions and villas. Even while living in Paris, he rarely went out to see people or to join parties. He had many collaborators, but no friends.

Enters Bertha von Suttner, the Austrian aristocrat who, for a week, was Nobel's secretary, and was to save his name for history. Miss Pauli refrains from romanticizing Nobel's feelings towards the attractive baroness. Here, too, she gives but a report. Strange encounters: the loveless man, "Europe's wealthiest vagabond," and the impoverished noble woman whose adventurous life was dominated by a romantic love. While the author fails to locate the psychological roots of her pacifism, she tells very convincingly how Bertha von Suttner managed to win over the armaments king, the "devil incarnate," to her high-minded idea.

Today, we have come to look down rather contemptuously on the peace movement of the turn of the century. But nothing is more difficult than to separate the different, and widely heterogeneous, reasons of a failure. As to Nobel's own participation in the peace efforts, the most amazing fact is how much he, too, lacked any concept of power. Unlike the philosophical peace theoreticians of the eighteenth century, and unlike his emotional friend Suttner, he, for one, had spent a life-time among technicians, politicians, generals, financiers, businessmen, and industrialists. He had more than a mere inkling of the rising dangers. It remains pathetic that so outstanding a man's contribution to so great a cause was but a huge fortune.

Episode in the Olympia of the Selective Realists

By E. D. Vaughan

THE peasant Dreiser stood alone,
Absorbed in cosmic thoughts and crises
Induced by heroines who fell
Inversely with the rise of prices.

Upon a pinnacle below,
The lady-killer Stephen Crane
Heaved late-Victorian sighs for wars
He'd not be absent from again.

While in a tasteful, shady spot,
Dressed in a swallow-tail and shorts,
Semi-recumbent William Howells
Had uneventful, cosy thorts.

From off Olympian Fields that day
A strong select perfume had drifted:
When Dreiser smelled the smell, he smelled;
When Crane detected it, he sniffed it.

Which made no sense to William Howells,
Whose mind and nose were out of touch.
"I do not care to breathe today,"
Said he. Said Crane: "I thought as much!"

And so they stood and sniffed and smelled
(And wouldn't smell) with much facility;
Thus had they constant food for thought,
Immune from all responsibility.

Thus did the quiet flowers charm
Their minds as with delight they filled 'em;
Till Jimmie Farrell, smelling hard,
Pulled all the flowers up, and killed 'em.

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Neighbors without a Fence

THE UNGUARDED FRONTIER. By Edgar W. McInnes. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1942. 384 *pp.* $3.

A HISTORY OF THE CANADIAN PEOPLE. By Morden H. Long. New France. Toronto: Ryerson Press. 1942. 376 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by HOWARD P. WHIDDEN, JR.

IN a book scholarly enough for the professional historian and popular enough for the general reader, Professor McInnes has traced American-Canadian relations from the Anglo-French struggle for North America to the Hyde Park agreement of 1941. He has described, probably more clearly than any other writer, just how the forces making for antagonism between the two countries were overborne by far more powerful and persistent influences making for harmony and cooperation.

Not until Canadians had achieved full control of their own destinies, Professor McInnes shows, did American suspicion of the British cease to embrace Canada as well. But long before this the American attitude towards Canada was basically one of indifference, an indifference determined by the fact that Canada, occupying a marginal fringe of the habitable territory of the continent, never offered a real temptation to American expansion. If this was not the highest ground for peace between the two countries, he says, it was the safest, and it gave time for the development of a consciousness on the part of both peoples that they shared a common heritage and a common way of life.

As for the Canadian attitude, Professor McInnes believes that the key to it lies in the compromise between a determination to be completely independent of the United States and a desire to gain the advantages of continental unity. During the past few years, however, the attraction of North American unity has been especially strong, and the author regards the King-Roosevelt policies as a salient landmark in the evolution of the continent. He does not anticipate political unity as a result of this development, but rather a growing harmony between two distinct national identities and a continuous increase in their wide range of common interests, not the least of which will be a greater concern for international security.

Readers will, no doubt, find themselves in disagreement with Professor McInnes at certain points. This reviewer cannot agree, for example, with his statement that nothing in the physical face of the North American continent explains why the American-Canadian boundary, except at the Great Lakes, lies where it does. It is surely not without significance that the 49th parallel coincides with the watershed between the Saskatchewan and Mississippi systems, and that this watershed had marked, on the "fur-trading frontier," the southern limit of high-grade fur, the staple of Canada's early trade. But no one should take such a comment as meant to detract in any way from what is, in almost every respect, a very able book.

* * *

"The scientific writing of history," says Professor Long in his Foreword, to a "History of the Canadian People," "involves two main processes. First, there is the work of research to establish as accurately as possible the facts with respect to the past. . . . There always remains, however, the further task of interpretation, of the selection and synthesis of the material revealed by research. . . ." No one will quarrel with this view of historical writing so far as it goes, or with Professor Long's decision to make his contribution in the second field, that of interpretation. But it does seem that this dichotomy fails to take full account of the fact that the writing of history is an art as well as a science, and that a third process, largely distinct from the second, is essential. For the sake of a better term, this can simply be called presentation. And it is just here that the author, both in his view of history and his writing of history, falls short of the highest standards.

Indeed, his work clearly reveals that it is possible to make use of all the available knowledge on a subject, to interpret it in a sound and even original way, and still fail to write a great work. This is largely because, in facing what is probably the crucial problem of presentation, the choice between a chronological and a topical treatment, he has chosen the second and carried it to the extreme. The topical approach will almost inevitably obscure the colorful aspects of history, and in the case of Canada's early history this is to destroy much. But in addition, Professor Long's use of it goes far in places to destroy understanding as well. The complete separation of his discussion of the seigneurial system—which was more than a social system—from his discussion of both the political and economic life of New France is a case in point.

It must be admitted, however, that the topical approach has its advantages, and that much is made clearer by its use. For example, the final chapter of Professor Long's book, which analyzes the Anglo-French struggle for North America, is perhaps, the best presentation of the subject in short compass which has yet appeared. Moreover, in view of the fact that so much that has been written on Canada has appeared in multi-volumed series, in microscopic monograph, or in popular story, it is a pleasure to find in one volume both a mature and a readable synthesis of the history of Canada to the British conquest. And not the least of the attractions of this book will be the fine historical illustrations and maps contributed by the veteran Canadian artist, C. W. Jefferys. Finally, for those who like their history without the paraphernalia of scholarship, the volume will have special appeal, for one would have to search diligently to find more than a dozen footnotes throughout the entire work.

Nostalgia takes over on the new British Columbia Highway to Alaska.

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The Nazi High Command Carousel

THE SELF-BETRAYED. Glory and Doom of the German Generals. By Curt Riess. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1942. 402 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HENRY C. WOLFE

UNHAPPILY, Mr. Reiss's tale is cold, brutal reality that influences the course of history and brings about the fall of nations. The mask-faced, bemonocled vons of Ost Elbien have played and are playing decisive parts in lives all over the globe. The mangled bodies at the Meuse-Argonne and at Dieppe, your sugar ration card and my neighbor's postage-less mail from Iceland are their work. What did the Allied victory of 1918 mean to the German General Staff but the loss of the first round in a fight? The restrictions of the Versailles Treaty did not for a moment deter Ost Elbien's unique and amazing officer caste from preparing the next round.

The trouble with the next round, from the generals' point of view, was that it was no longer their fight. An absurd person, an "impossible" nobody —Hindenburg's "Bohemian Corporal" —was running the show. Years before, the aristocratic military hierarchy had given the creature a certain measure of support: he gave promise of being useful for a while. But it was the generals who proved useful to Hitler. To serve his ends he forced them into ridiculous situations and dangerous moves. They could neither control him nor get rid of him. It was his idea, not theirs, to declare war on the United States. It was he who dragged the old-line military leaders into the frontal attack on Russia that they traditionally and professionally aimed to avoid.

Whatever his sources of information, the author paints an appalling picture of the conditions under which the Nazis fought the 1941-1942 defensive campaign in Russia. The generals could not keep many of their hungry, freezing soldiers from deserting to the enemy. Numbers of the generals at the front "fell ill or died" in December and January. The ever-present S.S., according to Mr. Riess, shipped whole car-loads of German wounded to France and the Balkans for "mercy-killing" doses of poison.

Hitler, evil genius of the generals and protector of the S.S., did not suffer from the cold. He was sheltered in the luxurious quarters of his twelve-car armored train, surrounded by S.S. chieftains. A prisoner? "Perhaps it came to virtually the same thing."

The antagonisms between Hitler and the generals, between the S.S. and the generals, between Himmler and Goering, keeps the wheels-within-wheels of the chapters in dizzying motion. Here is a piece in which there are almost as many villains as there are characters—even the ladies of the ensemble are few and far from virtuous. There is keyhole-peeping and backstairs gossip aplenty. We get new light on old faces, new angles on familiar scenes. And what the pages lack at times in clarity, they make up for in excitement and wealth of new information.

Mr. Riess has interesting explanations for Stalin's purge of the Russian generals and for the fate of von Fritsch, von Reichenau, Todt, Udet, and other generals who could not learn to "yes" the Bohemian Corporal day in and day out. We meet the Fuehrer's pet yes-man and tattle-tale, his military coach and *fidus Achates,* General Jodl. The author reveals the "astonishingly adolescent" reason that moved diminutive Admiral Raeder to urge war on Russia. He draws a well-detailed portrait of General Rommel, "more or less the romantic figure of this war." To the generals of the Ost Elbien military caste, Rommel almost—though not quite— belonged.

But "The Self-Betrayed" is primarily a close-up of the men who belonged. It focuses the spotlight on the "impersonal, indistinct, gray figures" whose caste code keeps them in the shadow of their advances, retreats, victories, and defeats. It gives substance to the disembodied names of the von Leebs, von Bocks, and von Kleists for whom war, and not peace, is the *raison d'être,* death, and not life, the goal of living. It opens with the scandal of General von Blomberg's marriage in January, 1938, and closes with the defeat in Russia that sealed the doom of the caste.

The author sketches the development of the traditional military clique from the time of Frederick the Great and the first of his "Blitzsiegs." He parallels its growth with the history of Germany. He analyzes the causes of its rise and fall. Especially significant is his treatment of Russo-German military relations. He gives due weight to Russia's part in Germany's post-Versailles re-arming. Stalin, he says, "was perhaps the only responsible statesman in the world who understood the crucial role the Reichswehr was playing behind the scenes." And Stalin saw to it that the Russian generals got no such free hand.

The old German officer caste was already an anachronism when Hitler came to power. But it took Hitler to prove it to them. "The irony of it is that by losing the blitzkrieg against Russia, the German generals have given the last conclusive proof that there is no longer any reason why they should exist."

—*From "The New Order," by Arthur Szyk.*
Playmates

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The Philadelphia Stories

REBELS AND GENTLEMEN; Philadelphia in the Age of Franklin. By Carl and Jessica Bridenbaugh. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1942. 393 *pp.* $3.50.

THE PLENTY OF PENNSYLVANIA. By Cornelius Weygandt. New York: Kinsey & Co. 1942. 319 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by STRUTHERS BURT

IT is a fact, although I doubt if one American out of a million knows it, or if even one Philadelphian out of a hundred thousand is any more aware, that for fifty years or so during the eighteenth century, Philadelphia was the second greatest English-speaking city in the world. London was first; Philadelphia next, and this means in population, wealth, commerce, culture, art, science, and any other way you choose to look at it. Just as during the seventeenth century Mexico City and Guatemala City were the two greatest centers of Spanish society, in the large sense of the phrase, after Madrid, so from around 1747 on, Philadelphia, far to the north, occupied the same position where the tongue we speak, the laws we live by, and our way of living are concerned.

In their precisely documented book, one of the most important contributions made to American history in the past twenty years, Mr. and Mrs. Bridenbaugh prove this thesis beyond, it seems to me, any possibility of contradiction. They have accomplished a definitive piece of research and, using scholarly and accomplished assessment, have arrived at a definitive conclusion.

There are many reasons, easily understood when explained, but too numerous to mention here, why Philadelphia in the comparatively short space of sixty-eight years should have risen to this position of eminence; why it became, much more than Boston, infinitely more than New York or Baltimore, the center of the British colonies and the great, and, for those days, cosmopolitan city it was. But a few of the more salient reasons should be recalled, the most fundamental of which, perhaps, are geographic and climatic. The long, broad, widening peninsula between the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers is a natural site for a great city, sooner or later there was bound to be a great city there, and back of this natural site and this river, the safest and most commodious in the country, is a hinterland of amazing wealth and amazingly varied resources, agricultural, mineral, and commercial. The new city of William Penn, Penn's "greene countrie towne," could not help but become speedily wealthy. But there was much more to it than that.

Philadelphia was also a planned city; one of the few in history. It was a definite social, political, and economic experiment; an experiment in liberalism, democracy, as democracy was then understood, tolerance, and intellectual curiosity. No wonder then that within a few generations, given the wealth that permits education and a degree of leisure, wise and energetic and far-visioned men and women should have been born there, and wise and energetic and ambitious men and women should have come there. And this is exactly what happened. Philadelphia was the home, by birth or adoption, of as extraordinary a group of Americans as this country has ever seen, presided over by the large, beneficent, outstanding figure of Benjamin Franklin.

That this is no longer true, that Philadelphia has been a poor steward of its talents, is another story and has more to do with psychology than anything else. But what it once was, "Rebels and Gentlemen" makes clear, and the thesis of this excellent history, implicit in its title, is of immense contemporary importance. It is high time that Americans as a whole realize that they have had an ancient and honorable culture, by no means starting in 1776, as the average better educated American believes, nor in 1900, as so many of the less educated seem to assume. And it is also high time that the average American realizes that the democratic ideal, the ideal of liberty and equal opportunity, does not spring entirely from below but from above as well. Indeed, for reasons that are obvious, economic, and otherwise, it has always been led from above; initiated from above. That, in other words, freedom has always been a common enterprise of fine minds and spirits of every class against which those of cruel and unfine minds and spirits have always made war.

—*Crafters*

Dr. Cornelius Weygandt

This is an exciting and worthwhile premise, especially now. The Bridenbaughs have stated it, and they have proved their case. To anyone interested in the history of America, and therefore in the age-old struggle for human liberty, this book is a necessity.

Dr. Weygandt's "The Plenty of Pennsylvania" is a totally different book, but it makes a pleasant addendum, a series of charming and leisurely footnotes, to the taut and convincing chronicle of the Bridenbaughs', if, in this present terrific moment, one has time for such things. It consists of fourteen loosely hung together essays celebrating the beauties, the richness, the traditions of the great and careless and corrupt state which is the background that had so much to do with making Philadelphia the city it once was, and which still has so much to do with keeping Philadelphia great, despite the viewpoint of most of Philadelphia's inhabitants. Dr. Weygandt's essays range from such matters as the Indian past of Pennsylvania, to the seven leading European cultures that made the state, to Baron Stiegel and his wonderful glass, to "Butter and Eggs and Sponge Cake," and they are filled with erudition, observation, and affection. Once more, they are charming; warm, engaging, and colorful, but perhaps unconsciously they explain to some extent why Philadelphia and Pennsylvania, granted practically every gift of nature, are where they are today. Man can be harmed by too much ease and richness, just as he can be hampered by too much starvation and hardship. And the only way man can avoid disaster in either direction is by taking thought both of the present and the future.

It is impossible nowadays to consider any book apart from its present connotation, its immediate implications, and that is as it should be, and, possibly, should always have been. Paper, print, and ideas are extremely important, and are indeed implements of peace and weapons of war. "Rebels and Gentlemen" shows the start of greatness, and implies its abnegation, but one realizes that such greatness can happen again, even in Philadelphia. "The Plenty of Pennsylvania" shows what a good world we live in if we would only use it properly, and what fine things love and knowledge are, but how little they achieve unless combined with criticism.

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SPEED UP THE WAR

WE are pledged to the hilt as a nation to put this war through without flinching until we win the peace of overwhelming victory. We owe this to our own honor and to our future well-being. We owe it to the liberty-loving peoples of mankind. We are pledged to secure for each well-behaved nation the right to control its own destinies and to live undominated and unharmed by others so long as it does not harm others.

This is the people's war. It is not the President's war. It is not Congress's war. It is the war of the people of the United States for the honor and welfare of America and of mankind. This is a war on behalf of treaties as against scraps of paper; it is a war on behalf of small well-behaved nations against the domineering and infinitely cruel arrogance of the brutal and scientific German militarism; a war for civilization against barbarism, honor against infamy, right against wrong; a war against the powers of darkness, of death and of hell. As for our own special grievance, it is far more serious than any grievance for which ever before we had to fight a foreign foe. Germany has wronged us far more seriously than Great Britain wronged us during the years that led up to our Declaration of Independence. No man can advocate submission to Germany now without proving false to the spirit of the men of 1776. Germany has waged war with utter faithlessness and with inhuman cruelty. The black infamy of her conduct has no parallel in civilized history since the close of the dreadful wars of religion in the seventeenth century.

We are bound as a nation now to remember that fine phrases, that bold and lofty declarations of purpose, are of worth only as they are turned into brave deeds by men who are both strong and true. Rhetoric which is not made good, rhetoric which has in it any element of hypocrisy and insincerity, is an evil and not a desirable thing. Let us keep steadfastly in mind St. Paul's warning when he bade the Romans beware of those who "by good words and fair speeches deceive the hearts of the simple." We of this nation must now prove our truth by our endeavor. We cannot with honor accept any inconclusive peace. Our aim is to beat Germany and the allies of Germany, and we cannot abandon a single one of our allies as long as that ally is true to the common cause.

Our first business now is to put through the war, and therefore to speed up the war. Make our effort in ships, men, guns, airplanes felt abroad at the earliest possible moment. Let us realize the grim truth that unless our men now fight triumphantly beside our allies, some day or other we shall have to fight at home, despairingly and without allies. Our resources are so immense that in the end we shall begin to count in spite of all our shortcomings; but as long as we think of the war as 3,000 miles away, and as long as some of the most important divisions of the executive branch of the government continue almost chemically pure of efficient organization, our strength will be exerted at a terrible disadvantage. War is won by brains and steel, not by kid gloves and fine phrases.

Be on your guard against apostles of weakness and folly when peace comes. They will then tell you that this is the last great war. Less than four years ago these same men were telling you that no great war could ever again happen. They will tell you that to keep unprepared is to avoid war. Well, that's just what they told you for two and a half years after the great war broke out, and you see for yourselves the result. They will tell you that they can make paper treaties and agreements and guarantees by which brutal and unscrupulous men will have their souls so softened that weak and timid men won't have anything to fear and that brave and honest men won't have to prepare to defend themselves. Well, we have seen that all such treaties are worth less than scraps of paper when it becomes to the interest of powerful and ruthless militarist nations to disregard them. Let us enter into every reasonable agreement which bids fair to minimize the chances of war and to circumscribe the area of war; but let us remember that all such agreements when tested will prove what the German chancellor called them, "scraps of paper," unless back of them lies the resolute strength of a nation which loves peace, but which loves righteousness more than peace, and which has prepared in advance to defend its rights.

It is not only our duty to be prepared against war. It is if possible even more our duty to prepare for peace. And we are almost as unprepared in one respect as the other. Moreover, in the affairs of peace, as in the affairs of war, let us as grown men, as serious citizens of a great republic, impatiently brush aside the silly sham-trust in rhetoric as a substitute for action. It is, I suppose, a besetting sin of all mankind, and certainly of mankind as we see it around us, always to endeavor to hide ugly action, or ugly inaction, behind a cloak of lofty-sounding sentimentality, and to endeavor to justify and atone for the refusal to look ugly truths in the face by using fine phrases as an anodyne for a partially aroused conscience.

We must work in the spirit of Washington and Lincoln, and this we can only do if we apply that spirit to the issues of the present day. It is in peace as it is in war. Washington's Continentals, with their flint-lock muskets and short-range cannon, would have been helpless before the men in blue and gray who bore the weapons of the Civil War, and the weapons that were formidable in the days of Grant and Lee would now count for no more than stone-headed axes against the tremendous machinery of modern warfare.

But the spirit that now conquers in war is the same as it was in 1776 and in 1865. Weapons change, but the soul of the man who is to handle the weapon does not change.

So it is with the great and complex machinery of our industrial and social life. The simple governmental processes which sufficed in the days of Washington and Lincoln are as utterly inadequate today as the flint-lock of Bunker Hill and the smooth-bore muskets of Bull Run would be in war. We cannot afford to tolerate flint-lock methods of warfare in time of war, or flint-lock methods of government for meeting the problems of industry in time of peace.

We need new weapons. But we need the old spirit back of the new weapons. But even more we need to show in our relations with one another here within our own boundaries and in our relations with the rest of the nations of mankind, that quality for the lack of which no other qualities atone, that quality—itself the sum of many qualities—lacking which no nation can ever attain to true greatness; the quality of character—character, which neither does wrong nor suffers wrong; character which will rather do right to its own hurt than profit by the evil done others.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

[*This editorial is excerpted from Theodore Roosevelt's speech before the Maine Convention of the Republican Party, March* 28, 1918. *It is included in the "Speeches and Papers of Theodore Roosevelt."*]

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Open Letter to Clifton Fadiman

SIR:—As one of those who believe that stern punishment should be meted out to Germany at the conclusion of this war, I write to protest against your "Open Letter to Clifton Fadiman" in this issue of November 7. Since I did not hear Mr. Fadiman at the P.E.N. Club and you do not tell us what he said, it is impossible to say how fair is your criticism of Mr. Fadiman and I am sure that he can defend himself quite well enough.

But your letter leaves the impression that you have no understanding of the reason why an ever increasing number of people advocate stern treatment for Germany. You seem to think that "that school of thought" starts from the assumption that "there is something in the physiological make-up of the German people that prevents them from living as civilized human beings" and that the proposal for severe punishment "is the same preposterous argument of racialism unleashed by the Nazis, applied to the Germans themselves."

Of course, there may be people who do think that there is something in the physiological make-up of the Germans that makes them different and difficult, but most of those who want to deal sternly with Germany attribute the particular traits of German character which make them dangerous not to their craniums or other physical features, but to their history and environment. As I read your letter I wondered how much German history you had read, how much Pan-German literature of the twenty years before 1914 you were familiar with, how many books of similar character written between 1919 and 1939 you knew about. Have you ever lived in Germany? Have you ever observed German militarism at close hand? It is because of German conduct in the last war and in this, because of German writings over a period of several generations that many people demand severe treatment. Are you aware that two distinguished Germans, Friedrich Wilhelm Foerster and Emil Ludwig, take this same position? They at least may be considered to understand the character of their own people. If Mr. Fadiman took the same line, I am sure that he did mean what he said at the meeting of the P.E.N. Club.

BERNADOTTE E. SCHMITT.
University of Chicago.

SIR:—Evidently your Open Letter to Clifton Fadiman, of Nov. 7, did not reach him soon enough—or hard enough—to stop him, as you've seen by the *New Yorker* of Nov. 17.

And why should it? Your citation of eminent German names to controvert the collective "German people" term proves only that *exceptional* individuals appear in Germany, as they do elsewhere, even among African tribes. The Japs, too, have had artists and scientists of renown. By your yardstick, Al Capone, Willie Bioff, and their kind could be cited (as they have been in hostile quarters) as typifying the United States.

When Fadiman or any of us speaks of "the German people," the reference is, not to the exceptions, but to the dominant influences and the dominant, or at least acquiescent, masses that constitute the German Nation Hitler represents, as the big names you have cited obviously have not represented. He personifies, only more conspicuously, the same German pretensions, aspirations, and procedures that were focused in World War I and were registered by smaller operations in the Europe of the previous fifty years, to look back no farther.

If it isn't "in their blood," what is it that swings them into step behind a Kaiser or a Hitler?

BERNARD J. MULLANEY.
New Hampshire.

SIR:—After reading your open letter to Mr. Fadiman in the November 7th issue of *The Saturday Review*, I am impelled to send you a word of thanks for your insight into one of the most potent dangers assailing civilized men today.

As I see it, it is the temptation to hate blindly, irrationally, and stupidly. No individual or group of individuals can indulge in hatred without inflicting on themselves the most serious and irrevocable damage.

Thank you also for your courage and leadership in speaking out.

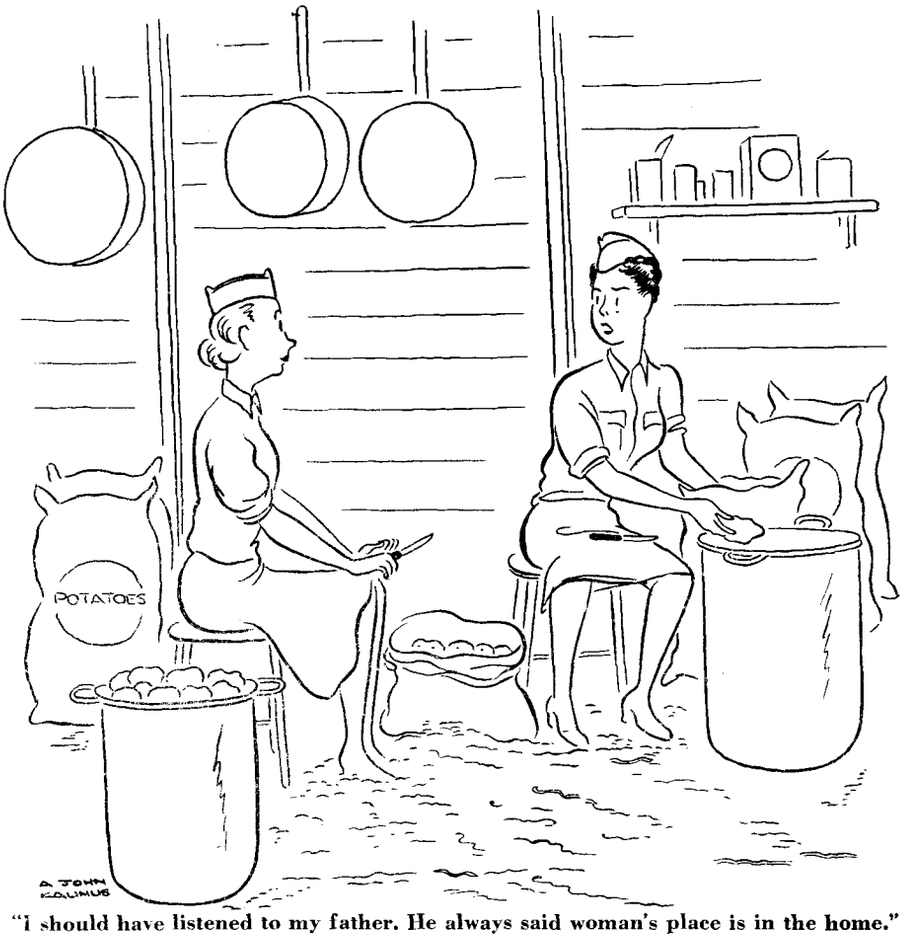
CONSTANCE BUEL BURNETT.
New York City.

SIR:—I want to tell you how deeply impressed and cheered I was when I chanced upon your open letter to Clifton Fadiman. It is so thoughtful and straight and really goes to the bottom of things in a manner which unfortunately one seldom runs across these days. People who think are getting more and more to keep their mouths shut—not so much out of cowardice, I think, as out of a feeling of utter futility. So I admire your vigor, too, as well as what you say.

MARGARET DE SILVER.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

SIR:—It seems a pity that a man of the Fadiman intellectual equipment should give comfort to the noisy irresponsibles in our literary midst. They seem to have generated a complete blind-spot to the obvious fact that the German people, fearing complete annihilation, will continue to fight on to the limit of their endurance when calls for their blood are demanded.

EVE GARRETTE.
New York City.



"I should have listened to my father. He always said woman's place is in the home."

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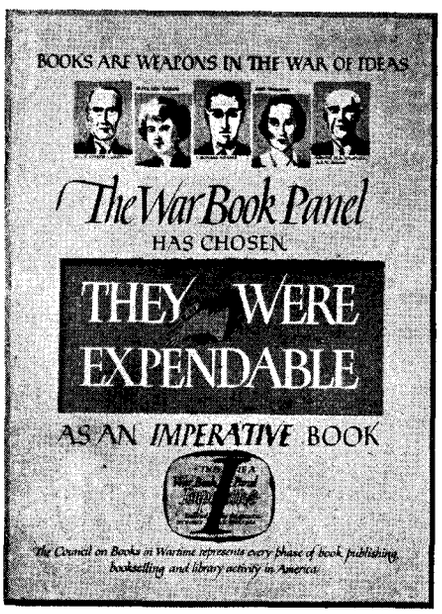
TRADE Winds

YOU HAVE PROBABLY been hearing something of the activities of the Council on Books in Wartime, and the chances are that you will hear a lot more in weeks to come, so we think it's time that you know just what this Council is, and what it has set out to accomplish.

Early in May, 1942, the *New York Times* offered the facilities of its auditorium (formerly the Little Theatre, on West Forty-fourth Street) for a two evening discussion on the value of books in the present conflict. The public came in such droves that the speakers didn't have room even to hiccough. People's eagerness to hear authors talk has always been a source of amazement to publishers, but this particular occasion brought out hard-boiled cynics who hadn't attended a lecture since the days of lantern slides. The publishers struck while the public was hot. Frederic Melcher, of *Publishers' Weekly,* summoned some seventy members of the book trade to a luncheon where, with the enthusiastic endorsement of the O.W.I., a Council was established to function for the duration, and to emphasize by whatever means possible the slogan "books are weapons in the war of ideas." The slogan is a good one. It was furnished to the Council by a gentleman named Franklin D. Roosevelt.

A number of nasty old doubting Thomases, including ourselves, watched the initiation of these proceedings with grave misgivings. Most of these high-sounding councils and associations quickly degenerate into downright lobbies or time-wasting forums dominated by the most colossal bores and egomaniacs in the industry represented. The last time publishers had ever tried to do anything in joint conclave was in the days of the N.R.A., when, until the whole business was declared unconstitutional, a committee dutifully huffed and puffed, accomplished nothing, and reached its only height at the farewell dinner that it gave itself. Here Joseph Lippincott appeared in tails and a white tie to give the publishing industry one of its most dazzling moments. The new Council on Books in Wartime, however, got down to brass tacks in short order. This was due to the herculean efforts of the chairman, W. W. Norton, who has given more time to the Council in recent months than to his own business. It was due, also, to the sincere efforts of some of the ablest and least ostentatious figures in the book world, notably Franklin Spier, C. B. Boutell, and Lee Barker. The Council was also fortunate in signing as executive secretary Miss Janet Lumb, who seems to believe in an eighty-hour week. Publishers are standing in line to sign her up when the war and the Council's work are over.


BOOKS ARE WEAPONS IN THE WAR OF IDEAS
The War Book Panel
HAS CHOSEN
THEY WERE EXPENDABLE
AS AN IMPERATIVE BOOK
The Council on Books in Wartime represents every phase of book publishing, bookselling and library activity in America

Poster for "They Were Expendable"

Norton insured the support of the entire industry by enlisting the invaluable aid of the American Library Association and the American Booksellers' Association, and by convincing the publishers that, in an emergency like the present, some sort of joint effort was obviously the order of the day. A pointed reference to the drastic changes imposed upon the English publishing world by government regulations, and the obvious need for a united front against impetuous bureaucrats, won over the crustiest and least coöperative publishers. The Council now has the one hundred per cent backing of the industry. Needless to say, that is reassuring.

What, specifically, has the Council accomplished in these past few months? Well, it has initiated radio programs designed to promote specific books of value to the war effort. It has furnished speakers for fairs, forums, and luncheons. It has compiled commonsense lists of the best books on several subjects related to the war. It has worked out methods of coöperating with the Writers' War Board and the United States Treasury Department. It has become the focal point for cooperation between the book world and the various government information and censorship agencies. It has gone

Insignia for "Imperative" books chosen by the Council on Books in Wartime.

all out to publicize books like "They Were Expendable," "Last Train from Berlin," "Mission to Moscow," and "Suez to Singapore." These books tell hard facts, without sugar coating, that must sink deep into the public consciousness if the war—and the peace that follows—really are to be won. To emphasize their importance, the Council is about to launch its most ambitious enterprise to date: "Imperative" books.

The designation of any book as an "Imperative" means that every publisher, bookseller, and librarian in the country is going to go all out to put that book at the very top of the best seller lists. The awarding of an "I" to a book will have a similar significance to the awarding of a Navy "E" to a shipyard or factory.

Nominations for "Imperative" selections will be made to the Council by a board of advance readers consisting of Donald Gordon of the American News Company, Francis Ludlow of the Baker and Taylor Company, Virginia Kirkus of the Kirkus Bookshop Service, John Beecroft of the Literary Guild, and the Special Readers' Department of the Book-of-the-Month Club. These are the people, of course, who see advance galleys of all publishers' books before anybody else, and they will be in a position to notify the Council of the impending publication of any book that bids fair to meet the stringent requirements.

The final choice of an "Imperative" book will be in the hands of a committee of five, to be known as the War Book Panel. Its members will be Irita Van Doren, Editor of the *New York Herald Tribune Books,* Amy Loveman, of the *SRL,* Lt. Col. Joseph I. Greene, Editor of the *Infantry Journal,* Admiral H. E. Yarnell, U.S.N., Retired, and J. Donald Adams, Editor of the *New York Times Book Review.* It will require an affirmative vote by four of the Panel's five members before the "I" is finally awarded. The Council feels that any book that can survive such a winnowing process as this deserves anything it can get!

The first book to be chosen as an "Imperative" is William White's "They

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Were Expendable"—a perfect choice by any man's standards. If the Council accomplishes no more than the vigorous promotion of a couple of books of similar calibre and significance in the months to come, it will have justified its existence. From now on, the best guarantee you possibly can have on a book is to see an "Imperative" label pasted on the jacket. . . .

A PERKY LITTLE LADY rushed up to the military book counter at Macy's last week and demanded a copy of "Yoo Hoo, Mr. Cosgrove." . . . The Books and Authors column in the *New York Times Book Review* is now conducted by Austin Stevens, and it's the brightest new feature in that section in many a long day. . . . A lieutenant stationed at Biloxi, Mississippi, writes: "Don't underestimate the literary taste of the fair young maidens in this neck of the woods. One of them told me last weekend that she was reading 'Gone with the Wind' for the fifth time. She says she'll keep at it till the South wins!" . . .

OLD WASHINGTON DUKE once remarked, according to John Winkler's "Tobacco Tycoon," "There are three things in the world I just can't seem to understand: ee-lectricity, the Holy Ghost, and my son Buck." The most ironic development in "Buck" Duke's amazing career occurred when the government ordered the dissolution of his great tobacco trust, and then had to ask him in to superintend the job. He was the only man in the country who could even begin to unravel the jabberwocky of interlocking directorates he had created. . . . That was when R. J. Reynolds began to make Camel cigarettes, and started an advertising war that still rages merrily. At the moment the lads who write the copy for Camels, Luckies, and Chesterfields are trying to find a way to stop the surge of Old Golds, who have cashed in on a *Reader's Digest* article that was intended, paradoxically enough, to pooh-pooh the special claims of *all* the copy writers and to prove that the leading brands were so much alike that not one person in a thousand could tell them apart. . . .

JANE GRABHORN, one of the loveliest ladies in all San Francisco, is back in the printshop of Ed and Bob Grabhorn, now located on Sutter Street. . . . On December 3rd, Harcourt will publish Dr. Karl Menninger's "Love against Hate." The last time we encountered Karl, we introduced him to Miriam Hopkins, and the look in his eye sure warn't hate, Brother! . . . Fon Boardman discovered this want ad in the *Sunday Times* a few weeks back:

SECRETARY, for grouchy, misunderstood publisher. Given to procrastination. Ability to nag her boss

Buy War Bonds and Stamps

Take a look with us into the swiftly onrushing future

TODAY, when sudden and unexpected events tumble upon us with increasing frequency, we owe it to ourselves and our families to be forewarned and on guard. You must know how such calamities as war, famine and invasion will affect you, your family and your business—in fact, your whole future.

You are going to go through a lot of unusual experiences in the next few years. Not all of them pleasant, but you can overcome most of your future problems and guard against unexpected upsets if you own a copy of this authoritative and provocative book by one of the world's great minds. You will agree with Howard Vincent O'Brien in his three editorials in the Chicago Daily News: "Professor Sorokin comes closer to putting the scrambled pieces of our present civilization into an understandable pattern than anybody I have met. I have made the acquaintance of a Great Mind."

All bookstores, $3.00
E. P. DUTTON & CO.

Man and Society in Calamity

BY PITIRIM A. SOROKIN

Dr. of Sociology, Harvard University
Author of "The Crisis of Our Age"

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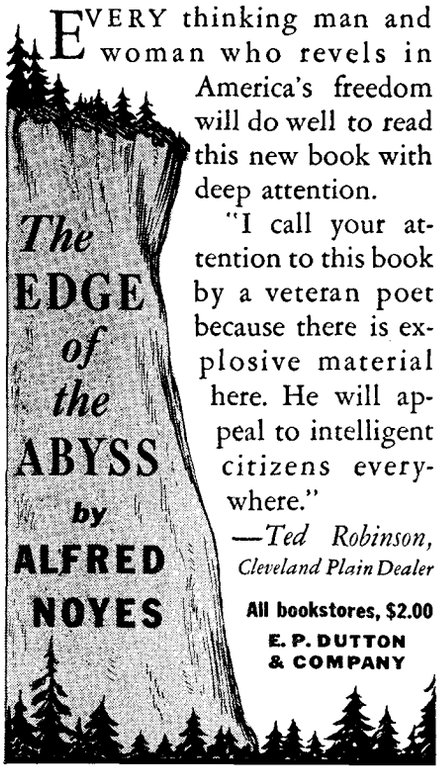
into working or do his work herself is *sine qua non*. Literacy, pertness, and stenography also required. Salary $25.00. L 549 Times.

Boardman opines that it was written by a book publisher, and that the girl who got the job deserves more than twenty-five dollars a week. . . .

HENRY HOLT HAS ANNOUNCED the eleventh printing of "See Here, Private Hargrove"; Dutton has announced the twenty-second printing of "Carry Me Back," by Rebecca Yancey Williams. . . . An advanced student of literature unearthed from *Spicy Western Stories* a gem that read "She was silent a long time. He could smell the perfume wafted upward from between her proud breasts, placed so cleverly on the lobes of her ears." The *New Yorker* snapped it up, of course, and added the perfect comment: "Novel, but we wouldn't like it as a steady thing." . . . By this time you have probably heard about the restaurant proprietor who fired a waitress who had been in his employ for eighteen long years. He smelled coffee on her breath. . . . In the best stage door canteen circles, one no longer uses the expression "May I cut in?" One bears down on the lady of one's choice, taps her escort firmly on the shoulder, and murmurs, "Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition." . . .

BENNETT CERF.

Is this our greatest danger?



EVERY thinking man and woman who revels in America's freedom will do well to read this new book with deep attention.

"I call your attention to this book by a veteran poet because there is explosive material here. He will appeal to intelligent citizens everywhere."

—*Ted Robinson, Cleveland Plain Dealer*

All bookstores, $2.00

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY

The Atmosphere of a Century

THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY BACKGROUND. By Basil Willey. New York: Columbia University Press. 1942. 315 pp. $3.75.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

ARMED with the latest equipment, the criticisms of the neo-Thomists, the methods of the Cambridge semanticists, and the vocabulary of relativity, Basil Willey, in these lectures on the intellectual background of seventeenth century English literature, undertakes to dissect the metaphysical opinions of some representative writers of the first great century of modern science far enough to lay bare the change which distinguishes the world of Addison and Pope from that of Spenser and John Donne. Since the approach is that of a critic of English poetry, Spinoza and Malebranche and Vico are quite omitted from consideration, Leibnitz is mentioned only once, and Newton and Harvey and Boyle appear only as they impinge on their more literary-minded countrymen. Instead we have the Cambridge Platonists, Whichcote and Cudworth, Smith and Henry Moore, who would hardly have figured so prominently in so limited a gallery had they not attracted Coleridge, and Joseph Glanvill, who might not have earned an entire lecture to himself on the score of his intellectual importance had he not been a prose stylist of odd charm, and the source for Matthew Arnold's "Scholar Gypsy." Whatever the reason for Glanville's inclusion, one is grateful for it, and indeed it is with the secondary, half-literary figures, men caught hesitant and divided between the world of science and the world of dreams, Glanvill and the Platonists, Herbert of Cherbury and Sir Thomas Browne, that Mr. Willey is happiest. Of them he has many fresh and illuminating things to say, and through them (though they were less forces making the intellectual weather of their time than mere instances of the fitful variability of its climate of opinion) he seems to come nearer to some aspects of the mind of the seventeenth century than he does through reëxamination of the familiar giants: Bacon, Hobbes, Descartes, Milton, Locke.

Quite properly Mr. Willey finds the chief clue to the change in intellectual atmosphere between Donne and Dryden in the religious attitudes of the century's ruling philosophers, describing it, in accordance with views now prevailing, as a "transference of interest from metaphysics to physics, from the contemplation of Being to the observation of Becoming." Such a statement is close to that of the neo-

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

DICKENS'S VILLAINS

Mary Katharine Reely, a Dickens fan from Madison, Wisconsin, is the author of this week's quiz. Allowing 5 points for each character you can identify, and another 5 if you recall the book in which he appears, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 21.

1. When first met, this elderly gentleman is standing over a pan of frying sausages, wearing a greasy flannel gown, his face obscured by a quantity of matted red hair.
2. "You bring 'em both to me or I'll have your heart and liver out" is the threat made to the terrified hero by the desperate character who appears in Chapter I.
3. This obsequious person had a way of wringing his hands as he protested his extreme humility.
4. This happy pair of swindlers, with the comfortable tie between them that each had swindled the other, had married in the mistaken impression on the part of each that the other had money.
5. This dwarfish creature was known to have eaten hard-boiled eggs, shell and all, and to have chewed tobacco and watercress at the same time.
6. This confidential clerk, who later runs way with his master's second wife, is distinguished by two unbroken rows of glistening white teeth and a smile like that of a snarling cat.
7. This slovenly-built fellow of about five-and-thirty is usually accompanied by a white shaggy dog named Bull's-Eye.
8. His genius lay in ensnaring parents and pocketing premiums. A young gentleman's premium being paid, he improved himself for three to five years making elevations of Salisbury cathedral.
9. This otherwise good-looking young woman bore a scar across her lip which had a way of darkening in any moment of strong emotion.
10. This one-eyed schoolmaster taught by what might be called the project method. "When a boy has learned that bottiny means a knowledge of plants, he goes and knows 'em" by weeding the garden.

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Thomists, and Mr. Willey appears to accept the consequent that the change involved a loss of religious faith, moral order, and emotional sincerity, though only with the proviso that "Truth is manifold" and loss in one field may mean gain in another. Most people today would assent, but perhaps we ought to be more careful. Mr. Willey is too full of academic moderation and balanced objective scholarship to set up an absolute dichotomy between Science and Reason on the one hand and Faith and Poetry on the other, but he seems to reveal an unconscious assumption in finding Hobbes's materialistic determinism incompatible with any religious belief whatever except what may be dictated by the civil authority, barren of emotion, and leading to a "monotonous and unsatisfying" prose. This is not the finding of Marion Bradshaw, whose recent penetrating study of the great seventeenth century thinkers, "Philosophical Foundations of Faith," ought to be read as a companion and corrective to these lectures, ought, indeed, to be read by everyone who wants to understand the seventeenth century and the religious basis of modern thought. Bradshaw shows strong reason to conclude that none of the great figures of the seventeenth century were devoid of strong religious feeling, that this feeling has the most intimate relevance to their formal philosophy, and that all of them would have rejected the "plurality of truths" which Mr. Willey congratulates them on accepting.

If Mr. Willey's conclusion about the religious views of the materialistic philosophers need modifying, perhaps his corollary about the effect of those views on English poetry also needs revision. As he sees it, the rejection of medieval scholasticism, the attention to secondary causes, the preference for mechanistic explanations, the acceptance as "real" of a cold, inanimate world of abstract matter and motion, all the views of the new philosophy which triumphed before the end of the seventeenth century, created a climate of opinion hostile not only to the traditional materials and function of poetry, but, for as long as it prevailed—to any serious imaginative poetry whatever. Possibly. But it may be that there is no more contradition between holding a rationalist and materialistic world-view and writing great imaginative poetry, than there is between holding such a view along with sincere religious convictions. Rationalism and materialism do not seem always to have been unfavorable to serious poetry, any more than Thomist philosophy has always been favorable to it. Racine was a poet, perhaps not inferior to Wordsworth, and there was a Roman named Lucretius.

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE
CHRISTMAS NUMBER

IN A YEAR when things of the mind, not material things, are in the forefront of public preference—to solve the age-old Christmas gift problem, THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE has planned a number that will include the following highlights of the December 5th issue:

ELMER DAVIS, well known to *SRL* readers, writes an article of front-page importance: "What the OWI Is Doing," a report by the OWI head on the first half year's operation of his historic office.

A rare discovery—SHERWOOD ANDERSON's "My Feeling About the American Town," a hitherto unpublished article just found by Mrs. Anderson among the papers of her late distinguished husband.

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"Writers and Fighters"—the first of a series of human and colorful personality portraits of contemporary writers upholding the tradition of Thomas Paine. The first sketch—*on Pearl Buck*—will be accompanied by a page of photographs by Arni.

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And, in addition, the usual reliable, honest, sound critical estimates of books carefully selected for their importance and merit from the stream of current literature by a brilliant group of writers including Jacques Barzun, Phil Stong, Howard Mumford Jones, Stephen Vincent Benét, Henry C. Wolfe, Norman Angell, Joseph Hergesheimer, James Truslow Adams, Allan Nevins, and others.

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Radio and the Writer

RADIO IN WARTIME. By Sherman Dryer. New York: Greenberg. 1942. 384 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ALBERT N. WILLIAMS

FOR the writer who is leaning toward radio, the editor attempting to broaden his knowledge of media, the scholar or educator surveying methods for increasing the impact of his ideas, and especially for the reader who wants to widen his acquaintance with the methods by which this war is being fought, this collection of essays on radio's possibilities in wartime will be a useful and long-awaited addition.

Impresario of the famous University of Chicago Round Table, Mr. Dryer's intimate knowledge of how radio functions in that delicate situation—the open forum or the round table—enables him to draw and support many suspected, but never demonstrated, conclusions concerning radio as an instrument for creating opinions and attitudes. And, realizing that no one set of conclusions can ever be inviolate, he has called on such radio-wise propagandists, public relations experts, and writers as Harold D. Lasswell, Max Lerner, Arch Oboler, and Edward L. Bernays to offer comments out of their own experiences on the different subjects the book discusses.

Although the point of departure of the book is the open forum, a somewhat rare form of radio program, the truth about any form of radio is true about all forms. He discusses the important problem of how abstractions are most clearly and quickly explained, the oft-forgotten necessity of providing distinct definitions to the audience early in the program, and how differences of opinion can be led around the morass of confusion to present a clear pattern of pro and con.

Those problems are basic in any form of the literary art, and must be solved before a writer can command either a powerful style or lucid thinking. And they are thrice important when writing for radio, for the listener, unlike the reader, or the watcher, does not choose his program—he listens, and only if he understands and appreciates does he continue to listen.

This book, the considered proposals of men who have proved themselves radio experts as well as literary men of stature, is one of the first books ever to appear which lays constructive, irrefutable, and, above all, logical ground rules for solving those multiple problems. The writer, contemplating a radio debut, should beware of radio style as technique and regard it, as this book does, as a method of thinking.

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Two Vantage Points on a War

BEHIND BOTH LINES. By Harold Denny. New York: Viking Press. 1942. 209 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by
SQUADRON LEADER MURRAY HARRIS

A GREAT part of Mr. Denny's book is devoted to the mental and physical reactions of prisoners of war to their confinement, and to their ingenuity in alleviating the monotony of the long toll of days by lectures, gardening, singing, etc. The genial personality of the author shines through his description of the trials borne in common with his fellow-prisoners and I feel sure he did much to raise their morale. There is no word of complaint or captious criticism in all his contacts with the Imperial forces, and, after his capture, not even of his jailors. On the contrary, he stresses every kindness he received, particularly from the Italians who were "as friendly as their duties permitted and sometimes went well beyond their duties on our behalf." After his release, he went sightseeing in Rome with an English Baedeker, but never caught a hostile look.

He even admits "in simple honesty" that he was not mistreated by the Germans, though he was subjected to weeks of solitary confinement—the usual technique of the Gestapo for softening-up prisoners for interrogation.

His description of the attitude of the man in the street in Germany and Italy is very illuminating. The Germans he found a dour and glum-looking lot, like a people who have lost a war; but Nazism has taken root and flourishes on fruitful soil in that country; it is indeed only a new manifestation of an age-old vandalism. Fascism in Italy, on the contrary, is completely alien to the Italian character and Mussolini is supported by about thirty per cent of the population—just those who make a good thing out of the racket.

Mr. Denny attributes the failures of 1941 and early 1942 in Libya to inadequate equipment—German tanks had 75mm guns and far outranged the British with their 37mm cannon. The light American "Honey" was generally conceded to be a fine piece of work, though also deficient in weight of fire. However the Shermans now on the job outclass the best the enemy can put in the field.

Rommel used on occasion to address a homily to captured officers and pointed out tactical errors committed by the British command; their forces were scattered all over the desert and violation of the law of concentration of effort was the major cause of our setbacks. Judging from results, we have no cause to complain of our present leadership in this theatre.

We have been heard often about dissensions and recriminations between the Dominions and metropolitan Britain; but Mr. Denny tells us it was from the New Zealanders he heard the most indignant refutation of Axis-inspired propaganda to the effect that the English are letting the Dominions and their Colonies do their fighting—"in many months of close association with the British from many parts of the Empire, I never heard a slighting word by one towards another."

The tone throughout is in stark contrast to other ebullitions we have recently read. Mr. Denny's book bids fair to undo the real harm done to the cause of unity among the Allies by some of the frivolous criticisms with which we have been inundated, and by which certain catchpenny reporters hope perhaps to add inches to their stature.

Mr. Harold Denny was taken prisoner in November 1941; after reading this refreshing and illuminating volume, we cannot but regret that the *New York Times* was deprived of the services of this trained observer for the period of his internment.

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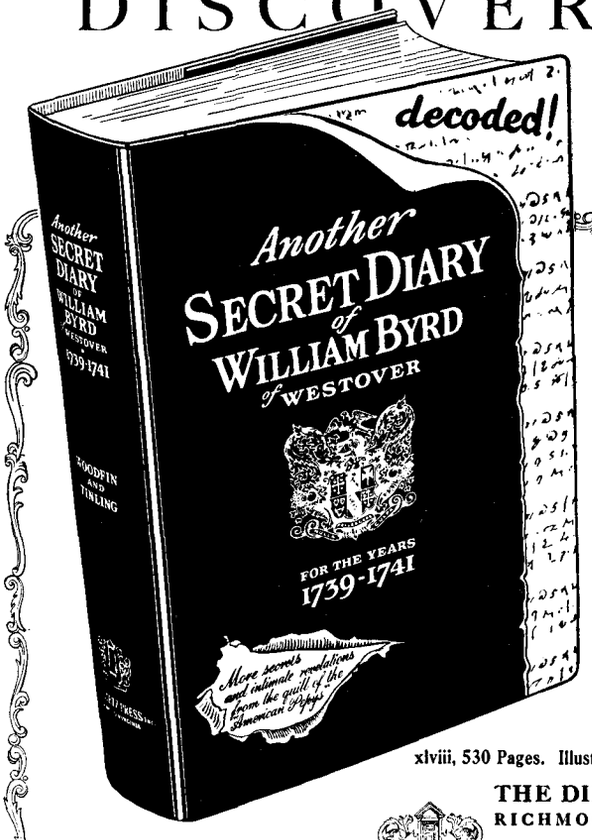

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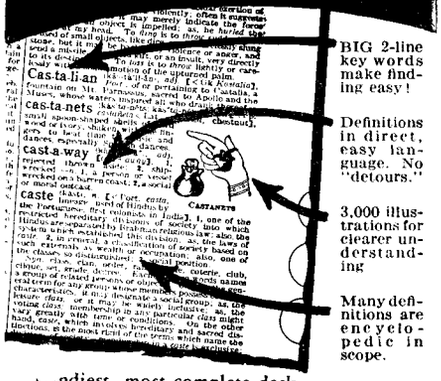

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Chronic Escapist

NO HIDING PLACE. By William Seabrook. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott. 1942. 406 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH

THE average book-buyer confronted with "Willie's" brooding, demon-haunted portrait (on the back of the jacket) will almost surely turn to the blurb on the flap to find out how he got that way. At this point it is ten to one that the sale will be clinched. For how resist the invitation to explore "the inner places of the soul" and the "overt actions" of so sinisterly exciting a personality? Now far be it from this reviewer to detract one whit from the glamor of Mr. Seabrook's adventurous life. I haven't a doubt that he did all the things he says he did but somehow—maybe it is the war—they don't seem to jell. From the beginning there is the suggestion of psychoanalytical retouching to so many of those memories. At the age of six he was already going through macabre experiences initiated by his laudanum-drinking Grandma Piny. A precocious lad indeed. "—Already at eight years old I was knowing what I wanted most from life, despairing of its attainment. I wanted to re-create myself in the idealized image of my grandfather, and to possess a beautiful girl, bound or chained—re-created in the image of my mother."

In other words at the age when most boys wanted to be policemen Willie was yearning to be a writer and had already established a rather absurd sex fetish which he was never to outgrow. These dual "desire-urges" seemed to have acted like a drug that demands larger and larger doses. He became a writer and a truly successful one and he found plenty of girls who let him bind their hands and hang chains about them. But marriage, war work, business success, writing for Hearst, Greenwich Village in its heyday—nothing could hold him. There was no satisfying the man. The urges drove him from comfort and respectability to horse and cattle thieving in Arabia, to Haiti where he was adopted into a black family and had a beautiful time with voodoo, to the Ivory Coast to join the cannibals seeking the gastronomic experience of long pig, to Timbuctoo, to Paris with the sophisticates and Gertrude Stein, to brandy and a mental hospital, to an estate on the Hudson where he explored "society" and black magic, helped by a galaxy of girlish researchers. He also tried three marriages and numerous concubines. And after fifty-six years of such strenuous trying he has nothing definitive to tell us about anything.

Your reaction as you close the book, is I fear likely to be as was mine—and so what! Yet I am almost sure you will finish it. For with all its absurdities and sophomoric nonsense it manages to be far more interesting than most novels and even to get under your skin in several spots. You may see this chronic escapist as a case of arrested adolescence, you may rage that not a trace of humor went into his make-up, but somehow you like him. If he could only have made his whoopee without being perpetually nagged to give it profound significance, if he had not been indoctrinated with so much psychoanalytical hooey, he would have had so much better a time. And so would we in reading about it.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
SPORTING BLOOD *Ellery Queen* (Little, Brown: $2.50)	Twenty "great sports detective stories" dealing with various pastimes, and by many hands—beginning with Conan Doyle.	Novel idea for an anthology expertly carried out. Both English and American schools are well represented and stories are all good.	Excellent omnibus
DEATH AT ASH HOUSE *Miles Burton* (Crime Club: $2.)	English stamp collector's secretary, apparently without enemies, found slain in auto. Inspector Arnold handles case.	Few suspects—at start—and no visible motive give Scotland Yarder good chance to show deductive skill.	Acceptable
MURDER'S SO PERMANENT *Edith Howie* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Girl librarian finds bludgeoned body of best friend in dark building, and helps dimpled detective trace slayer.	Subversive elements planning destruction of industrial plants motivate capably plotted and rapidly moving—though rather too "talky"—yarn.	Good grade

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The Balance Wheels of Social Order

CAPITALISM, SOCIALISM AND DEMOCRACY. By Joseph A. Schumpeter. New York: Harper & Bros. 1942. 381 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by FRANK KINGDON

THE society that emerges from our present world struggle will not be a Marxian society but it may be profoundly influenced by Marxian ideas. Therefore it is essential for us continually to re-examine and re-evaluate the Marxian insights. One of the main values of Professor Schumpeter's book is his incisive dissection of Marx in the light of developments within our economic and political systems since the appearance of "Das Kapital." Even though no two students of Marx will agree on the precise ways of modifying Marxian doctrines, Professor Schumpeter's way of approaching the task is enlightening. How much of Marx is valid? What specific modifications must we make to meet conditions he did not foresee? Such questions certainly point the way to getting out of Marx that which will best serve the society we are now building.

We have to accept his premise that men do not act as individuals independent of the society in which they live. This was obviously no new insight with him but he pressed it further than his predecessors by asking what factor in society is the decisive one in affecting men's actions. The answer he gave is that the economic is the dominant one. Having decided this, his method was rigorously to examine the influence of this economic determination. His advantage over all other men in his field is that he did an exhaustive job on economic determinism and thus presented for it a case superior to any that has been presented for any of the other moving social forces. His erudite over-simplification of the complexity of social motivation, however, results in an incomplete picture, though its generalizations seem to provide a scheme into which all events fit. Therefore the criticism of Marx must go beyond the pointing out of his fallacies and produce a positive social criticism including definitions and exploration of the extra-economic factors as comprehensive in its way as his presentation of the economic factor.

To a degree Professor Schumpeter points the way to this kind of criticism. It is enlightening to follow his thought through the mazes of society and to find many neglected corners illuminated by his clear scholarship. It is somewhat unfortunate, perhaps, that he has cast his thinking so definitely into a pattern of semaphore words like capitalism, socialism, and democracy, for the total effect of his thinking is to indicate that none of these words represents a stable and inflexible condition, but that social dynamics working within a society dominantly capitalistic will produce socialistic tendencies, and that a society dominantly democratic will have tendencies toward socialistic ways which, as they fulfill themselves, will threaten democracy itself. This preoccupation with fixed symbols also produces a somewhat pedantic style of thought which registers sometimes in pedantic writing.

In a vital sense we ossify democracy when we identify it so closely with a given machinery of government that we consider mechanical changes as modifications of democracy itself. Democracy is rather a process than a definition. It is the attempt to relate social organization so intimately with social will that the inherent tendencies to change within the community will eventuate in such new adjustments as will serve the maximum interests of the greatest number of people. Democracy may therefore be fulfilled rather than destroyed by fundamental changes in economic and political constitutions. It is a creative idea moving within the dynamics of social change. Its basis is far more than "the little field which the individual citizen's mind encompasses with a full sense of its reality." If intellectuals and experts learn to identify themselves with the people, their enlightenment and skills will become effective influences within the flux of opinion. If, however, they hold themselves aloof as objective and cynical observers, they will be mere spectators, and the forces they despise will reject them as eccentrics. If Professor Schumpeter's book does nothing else, it makes it plain that men of the mind must activize the reason and get into the arena to share responsibility for social action.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Fagin, in "Oliver Twist."
2. Abel Magwitch, the convict, in "Great Expectations."
3. Uriah Heep, in "David Copperfield."
4. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Lammle, in "Our Mutual Friend."
5. Daniel Quilp, in "The Old Curiosity Shop."
6. James Carker, in "Dombey and Son."
7. Bill Sykes, in "Oliver Twist."
8. Mr. Pecksniff, in "Martin Chuzzlewit."
9. Rosa Dartle, in "David Copperfield."
10. Mr. Wackford Squeers, in "Nicholas Nickleby."

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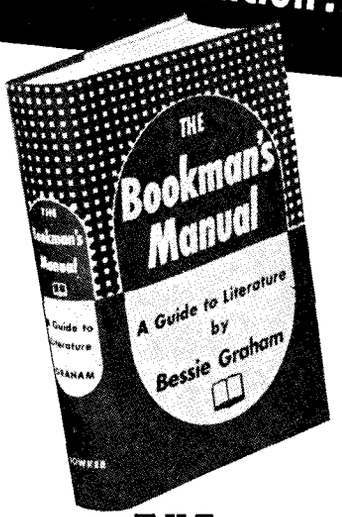

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The Phoenix Nest

The Cerf *Canard*

WE take it for granted that you have paid little attention to recent remarks in a semi-literary department on another page, by our brisk young confrere, Bennett Cerf. The fact is that he is a trifle perturbed since we dropped in, the other day, at his *alter* office at the House that Random built. You remember the famous lines A. E. Housman once wrote about Bennett, don't you?

Wenlock edge was umbered,
And bright was Abdon Burf,
And warm between them slumbered
The smooth green Bennett Cerf—

That's what he was doing when we peeked in the door. He had his feet up on the mahogany and he was lying back in one of those old-fashioned reclining chairs, upholstered in purple plush, that you could adjust from any angle. We say "could" advisedly, because Bennett actually was fortunate enough to procure the last of those old cast-iron frameworks, with the big wheels for locomotion, that date from the '80s. It includes a head- and foot-rest, and a big metal stand for the dictionary, that brings the type right down under one's eyes. *(Not so good on the old spelling, eh Bennett!)* Cerf has this right in front of him, as long as he can keep awake composing his column; but why he needs *three* secretaries at the same time, we just can't fathom. (*Especially that Titian job with the convertible eyelashes.*) Then there's the cellarette from the Nineties, and those little glass windows installed for him by Horn & Hardart. He doesn't even have to put a nickel in them to get a club sandwich or a slice of cocoanut pie! Then, too, there's the Chute . . .

Inside Bennett

Oh, you want to know about the Chute? That's for interrupters. We used to wonder why there were so many dishevelled people staggering around on East 57th Street, apparently under the influence of alcohol; until we caught on to the way that they had been sent down the Chute from Bennett's private office, which spills them out, though right side up (but bewildered) right on the Street of Art Galleries amid the passers-by. The trap-door to the Chute is in front of Bennett's desk. He controls it by a button (when he is awake). We guess that's why he was a teeny bit miffed with us, because we just merely peeked in the door while he was asleep, and didn't step on the accelerator. The henna-rinse job was fanning him, and the champion spark plug was sipping a coke. It all looked very peaceful; but we had to go to work.

Quercus No Black Cat

The ace of this department, not to say of "Trade Winds," was formerly that heart of oak, P. E. G. Quercus, intimately known to his friends as "Old Quirk." On November 15th last we received the following letter from him. But before we paste it up, in our hard-working way, we must here set down how the late Don Marquis, in the old *Sun* office, used to have a way of running a column which might solve both Bennett's problems and our own. He would need, we'll say, three inches of type to fill his space, whereupon he would thrust both hands into the vast mass of unanswered mail piled high upon the rickety desk he had, and pull forth some misguided *MS.* or other. Tearing open the envelope with his teeth, he would quickly scan the contribution. Once we were present when he handed it to us, asking, "What say?" "Stinks," we answered succinctly. Thereupon he delved for another. By this method of trial and error he eventually hauled to light something passable, that would fill the space. This he took down to the composing-room, and then repaired in a virtuous glow to his favorite tavern. Good Old Don! There were giants in those days!

But to return to Chr—oops, we mean Quercus—we were mighty glad to hear from him, and here is what he has to say:

> I've been so pleased to see the response to yr note on Louis Tracy: Yes indeed, "The Wings of the Morning" was one of the big reading adventures of my two brothers and myself in boyhood; the fiendish Dyaks often figured in juvenile games; it was the kind of book that my father used to send himself off into his after-lunch nap. In yr recension of good old corn, how about the exuberant John Oxenham; who got a bit pious later but did some readable adventure yarns, e.g. "Barbe of Grand Bayou" which pleased me at the age of 13. How about some of the less known Anthony Hopes, usually published here in very small volumes by Henry Holt and by Tennyson Neely. ☞Felix Riesenberg and I used to struggle to revive some interest in Cutcliffe Hyne (Charles John Cutliffe Wright Hyne); if I had known when I was living in the cottage of the village postman in Bibury, Gloucestershire, and studying for my final exams at Oxford (in 1913) that C. J. C. W. Hyne had been born in Bibury in 1866 I would have done even worse in my Schools, as they were called. But say a word for our old favorite *Captain Kettle,* and Horrocks the purser and McTodd the engineer—I think Captain Kettle began as early as 1895; there was The Adventures of Captain Kettle in 1898; and Captain Kettle K. C. B. in 1903; and The Marriage of Captain Kettle, 1912—he began to slip about then; I'm afraid I never followed him through Captain Kettle's Bit and Captain Kettle Ambassador, etc. Anyhow, that's the best kind of juveniles. ☞And good for Kirk Munroe: you'll see on p. 207 of "Thorofare" that Jeff Barton knew Kirk Munroe.
>
> Were you raised on Mayne Reid? ☞As for Islands, I don't suppose you ever read "Pandora Lifts the Lid" (1924), written by Don Marquis and me. We really had an island within an island, as the story proceeded from Long Island to Gardiner's Island (which we called Thatcher's Island in the story) and if you'll change the smugglers into Nazi spies it's timely this moment. Anyhow, you're just the right age to be reading that sort of thing. No one should read anything serious after he's fifty?
>
> P. E. G. QUERCUS.

"Resurrection Men"

We wish we had known, when we were in Boston in the early Fall, of Norman L. Dodge, editor of *The Month,* put out by Goodspeed's Book Shop on Beacon Street. We browsed in the store in the basement of "Old South," where we made a number of purchases. And we wish Goodspeed's would put us on their list for a catalogue every now and then. Mr. Dodge has written us:

> Your reference to Burke and Hare and your quotation of the Hook quatrain reminds me of another four-liner about the famous resurrection men who lived in Tanner's Cross. The Knox of the last line was, of course, the Dr. Knox who bought the corpses.

Up the Close and down the stair,
But and ben wi' Burke and Hare.
Burke's the butcher, Hare's the thief,
Knox the boy that buys the beef.

> Burke and Hare were not resurrection men at all in the true sense, but the former has the distinction of having added a word to the English dictionary.

How many readers remem—anyway, Bennett, that wasn't a blonde job, and there is no such word as "curvaceous"—and the job was a triple-threat brunette. And anyway, also,

Serene we sit,
And knit, and knit,
Something warm for you. . . .

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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The Crostics Club

BENNETT CERF'S happily discriminating estimate of recent Anthologies in his *Trade Winds* of November 14 sets me to wondering anew how anthologies are compiled. When I started DCs I did use some familiar quotations from handy anthologies. This intensive experience led me to question why anthologies of the same range contain practically the same hackneyed selections. Did each subsequent compiler use the findings of his predecessors? Did he never go to the source? I wanted a Herrick stanza. Did Herrick write little else than "To Daffodils" or "Corinna's Going A-Maying?" When George Stevens noted my charming, though less known, "To Cherry Blossoms," he asked, "Where did you find that—it's new to me?"

Then when I was obliged out of my meagre earnings to pay some forty dollars for the use of a few copyrighted selections, some light dawned!

Anthologies I rarely use now except when the original is inaccessible, for instance early Colonial writers. Once Mrs. H. W. Van Loon returned the puzzle page worked out with a warning across the page, in red ink, "Too easy. Apparently you, too, used Stevenson's 'Home Book of Verse'."

From time to time I have learned of uses to which puzzlers put the selections, or even those who do not puzzle them out. A noted preacher once greeted me at the close of his address with, "I used your Ruskin quotation as a text last summer." The father of our Commander of the Waves, a retired minister, once wrote me that he was utilizing my quotations in a literary course in the South. Most amusing of all, however, was an experience over a week-end visit as guest of the Dean of a college. At the Sunday dinner-table the preacher of the morning, from a neighboring Divinity School, asked us if we knew the *S.R.L.* "I don't have time to do the puzzles," he commented, "but I enjoy the answers. By the way, I have this week's number in my overcoat pocket, and with your permission I'll get it to read to you. I didn't know that D. H. Lawrence wrote poetry of such a high order." The denouement was, as you can imagine, an amusing surprise to the Reverend gentleman!

E. S. K.

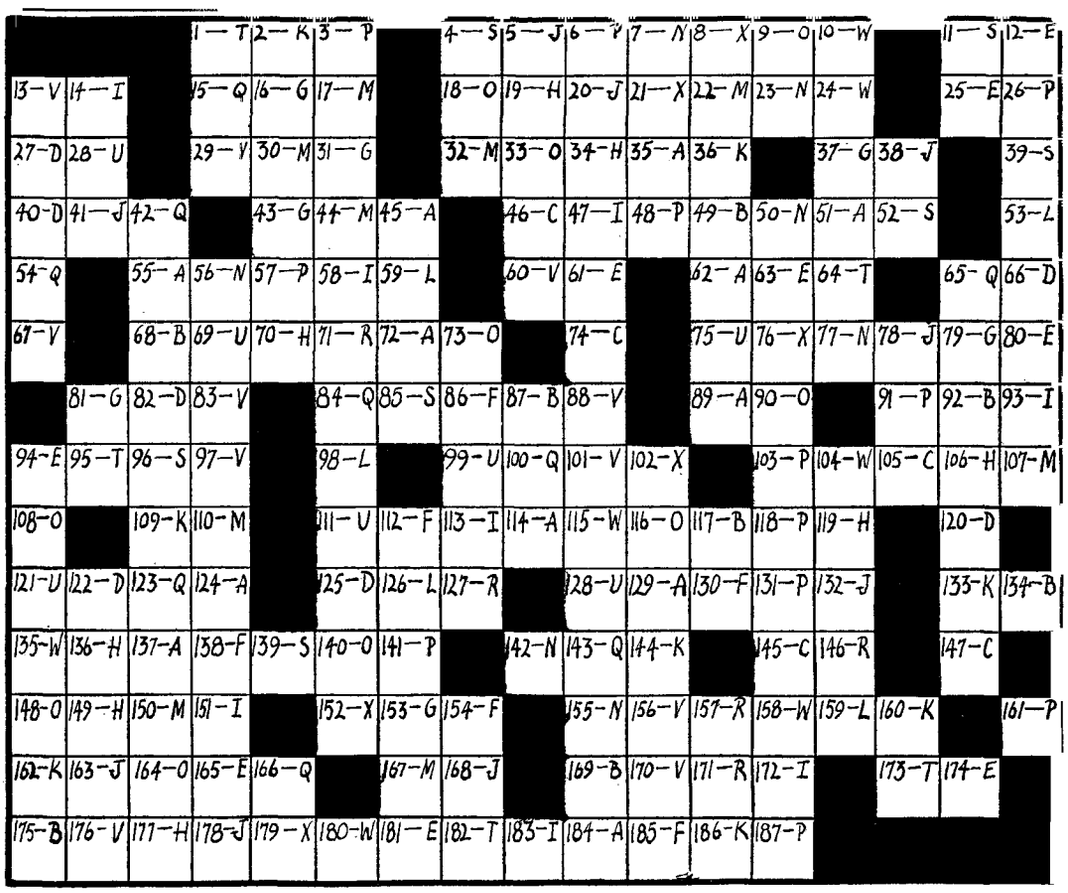
SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 452)

M. VAN DOREN:

THE PRIVATE READER

(PREFACE)

Crticism is doing all it can to arrest the lyric in its flight. . . . The incidentals . . . are what it loves. . . . Criticism . . . can praise only the laborious, can respect poetry only when it groans to overreach itself and become discussable.



Double-Crostics: No. 453

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on this page.

DEFINITIONS

A. Comes to a consciousness of one's powers or capacities (2 wds.)

B. Sharply and clearly cold.

C. Island of Japan (pottery).

D. Cheap and flashing (slang).

E. Microscopic anatomy.

F. Roman poet (B. C. 239-169).

G. Funerary monument (India).

H. Book of travels by Longfellow (1835).

I. Process of joining the ends of ropes together to form one (like splicing).

J. *Calendar* (with *The*) by Spenser (1579).

K. Colonial Governor of Massachusetts Bay Colony several times.

L. Holy sage (Hinduism).

M. Of or pertaining to birds.

N. Environing.

O. Nonsense.

P. Of persons, not logical in thought or action.

Q. Wallows.

R. Two-wheeled chariot of Ancient Gauls and Britons.

S. To stop talking (slang).

T. First name American poetess (1830-86).

U. Confusing; muddling.

V. To progress jerkily (colloq.—4 wds.)

W. Symbols or typical representatives.

X. Soaked or exposed to moisture, as timber, flax, etc.

WORDS

62 129 51 45 35 89 137 124 184 114 72 55

169 134 117 68 175 92 87 49

147 46 145 105 74

125 120 66 82 122 40 27

181 12 25 80 61 63 165 94 174

154 112 130 185 86 138

79 153 16 43 81 31 37

19 149 119 34 136 177 106 70

183 151 172 113 58 47 93 14

38 163 41 178 132 78 5 20 168

2 160 133 36 162 186 109 144

159 98 59 126 53

32 110 150 30 107 22 167 44 17

56 155 142 50 7 23 77

108 164 18 90 9 140 116 33 148 73

57 187 118 103 141 161 26 91 3 6 48 131

123 100 166 143 15 65 54 42 84

127 146 171 71 157

11 139 96 52 85 4 39

182 173 95 1 64

69 75 99 121 111 128 28

67 29 60 170 101 88 97 176 156 13 83

180 10 104 115 158 135 24

179 76 152 102 21 8

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